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THE OSTRICH.

However surprising it might appear to a person accustomed to see only birds of ordinary size, such as are found in most countries of the earth, there is one so large, and possessed of such strength, that it is able to bear the weight of a man, and has been trained to carry a rider with ease and rapidity. The following description we give in the language of an English writer:—

This singular bird, whose plumage is so often used in female attire, appears in some measure to connect the class of quadrupeds and birds. In its general figure it has some resemblance to the camel, and is almost as tall; it is covered with a plumage more resembling hair than feathers; and even its internal parts bear as great a similitude to those of the quadruped as of the bird.

The ostrich is certainly the largest of all birds, appearing nearly as high as a man on horseback. It is usually seven feet from the top of its head to the ground, but from the back it is only four; consequently, the head and neck are above three feet long.— From the top of the head, when the head is extended in a right line, it is six feet long, and the tail is about one foot more.

The plumage of the ostrich is generally a mixture of black and white, though in some varieties it is observed to be grey.— The largest feathers, which are situated at the extremity of the tail and wings, are commonly white; the next row is black and white; and of the small feathers on the back and belly, some partake of both colors. There are no feathers either on the sides, the thighs, or under the wings: the lower part of the neck is covered with still small-

er plumage than the belly and back. All the feathers are of a kind peculiar to the ostrich, soft as down, absolutely unfit to help the animal in flight, and still less adapted for the defence against external injury.

Again, the upper part of the head and neck are covered with a very fine clear white hair, shining like the bristles of a hog; and, in several places, are tufts of the same nature, consisting of about twelve hairs, all issuing from a single shaft. At the extremity of each wing is a kind of spur, resembling the quill of a porcupine. The legs are covered with scales, and the bill is short and pointed.

From this brief description it must be evident, that the ostrich bears no great affinity to any other bird; and, indeed, not only its structure but its habits are peculiar. It inhabits the torrid regions of Africa and Asia only, and has never been known to breed out of the country where it was first produced. It seems perfectly adapted to the sandy and burning deserts of those countries, and delights in wild solitary tracts, where few vegetables clothe the race of nature, and where the rain seldom descends to refresh it. Indeed, it is asserted that the ostrich never drinks, and the place of its habitation seems to give a sanction to this opinion.

In those inhospitable regions, ostriches are seen in large flocks. They feed indiscriminately on every thing edible; nor are they likely to be at a loss for provisions, as long as even the very barren soil on which they walk remains. Their appetites require little selection to gratify them; and their powers of digestion are inconceivable.

The female lays from forty to fifty eggs at a time; and, though in the warm climates which she inhabits it is unnecessary to sit continually on them, she does not leave them to be hatched by the sun's heat, as has been a general tradition in every age. In fact, no birds can take a more affectionate care of their young, or be more assiduous in supplying them with grass, or whatever is suitable to their nascent state. Not only the plumage but also the eggs and the flesh are holden in high estimation; and therefore the ostrich has numerous enemies to guard against; and, were it not for its prodigious fecundity, the breed would probably have been long ago extinct.

"The ostrich, (sogun,) says Salt, in his travels, is found in the low districts of Abyssinia, but very rarely within the actual limits of the country."

sinia, but very rarely within the actual limits of the country."

According to Dr. Shaw, the wings serve it both for sails and oars, while her feet, which have only two toes, and are not unlike the camel's, can bear great fatigue.—M. Montbeillard, however, is of opinion that it does not spread its wings and tail-feathers with the view of assisting its motion, but from the common effect of the corresponding muscles, as a man in swimming throws out his arms. Though the ostrich is universally admitted to run faster than the fleetest horse, yet the Arabs contrive to run these birds down on horseback, their feathers being valuable, and their flesh not to be despised. The best and fleetest horses are trained for this chase. When the hunter has started his game, he puts his horse upon a gentle gallop, so as to keep the ostrich in sight, without coming too near to alarm it and put it to its full speed. Upon observing itself pursued, therefore, it begins to run at first but gently, its wings, like two arms, keeping alternate motion with its feet. It seldom runs in a direct line, but, like the hare, doubles, or, rather, courses in a circular manner, while the hunters, taking the diameter or tracing a smaller circle, meet the bird at unexpected turns, and with less fatigue to the horses. This chase is often continued for a day or two, when the poor ostrich is starved out and exhausted, and finding all power of escape impossible, it endeavors to hide itself from the enemies it cannot avoid, running into some thicket, or burying its head in the sand; the hunters then rush in at full speed, leading as much as possible against the wind, and kill the bird with clubs, lest the feathers should be soiled with blood.

M. Adanson saw two tame ostriches which had been kept two years at the factory of Podor, on the south bank of the Niger. "They were so tame," he says, "that two little blacks mounted both together on the back of the largest: no sooner did he feel their weight than he began to run as fast as ever he could, till he carried them several times round the village, and it was impossible to stop him otherwise than by obstructing the passage. This sight pleased me so well that I would have it repeated, and, to try their strength, I made a full-grown negro mount the smallest and two others the largest. This burden did not seem to me at all disproportioned to their strength. At first they went a moderate gallop; when they were heated a little they expanded their wings as if it were to

catch the wind, and they moved with such fleetness that they seemed to be off the ground. Everybody must some time or other have seen a partridge run, consequently must know there is no man whatever able to keep up with it, and it is easy to imagine that if this bird had a longer step its speed would be considerably augmented. The ostrich moves like the partridge, with both these advantages, and I am satisfied that those I am speaking of would have distanced the fleetest racehorses that were ever bred in England. It is true they would not hold out so long as a horse, but, without all doubt, they would be able to perform the race in less time. I have frequently beheld this sight, which is capable of giving one an idea of the prodigious strength of an ostrich, and of showing what use it might be of had we but the method of breaking it and managing it as we do a horse."

The traveller, Moore, mentions that he saw a man journeying mounted upon an ostrich, though both this and the instance given by M. Adanson show the circumstance to be of unusual occurrence.

Cuvier remarks, that although the ostrich is ranked among the *Grallæ*, it differs from them in one important particular, which is the shortness of the wings, which renders flight impossible, while the beak and regimen give them affinities with the *Gallinacæ*, or fowls. He however places them in his fifth order, with most of the long-necked and long-legged birds, (most of which live by wading and catching fish or worms.) in such company as the Bustard, Plover, Lapwing, Oyster-catcher; the *Caltriostres*, or Crane, Heron and Stork; the *Cultriostres*, or Curlew, Snipe, Sandpiper, Jacana, (see vol 1, p. 9,) Rail, &c. &c. This fifth class is distinguished by having the lower part of the legs bare, and the upper part commonly long, by extending the legs back in flying, and usually by the want of a thumb. The first family, that is formed of the Ostrich and Cassowary, cannot fly, and are chiefly found on dry and sandy deserts. Wings of immense size and strength would have been necessary to raise such heavy bodies, and nature shows no preparations for that mode of progression. The muscles of the breast are very small

and feeble, barely sufficient to enable the birds to use their wings in balancing, or slightly assisting them, in running. The muscles of the legs, on the contrary, are of astonishing magnitude and power, so that the Ostrich and Cassowary have something of the figure and proportions of a horse, when seen from behind.

Cuvier describes the *Struthio Camelus*, the Camel Ostrich, or Ostrich of the Eastern continent, as having but two toes, the the outer short and destitute of a nail, 6 or 8 feet high, and living in great troops, while the American Ostrich, or *Struthio Rhea*, (as named by Linnæus,) is only of about half that size, more thinly clad with feathers, and has three toes, all with nails. It is grayish, browner on the back; and the male has a stripe of black down the back of the neck. It is found in the Southern part of South America; several birds lay their eggs in one nest, which are said to be brooded by the male. It is eaten when young, and the chickens may be easily tamed.

Calmet devotes several pages to the Ostrich, in illustration of the interesting passage in the 39th chapter of Job, verses 13—18: "*Gavest thou* the goodly wings unto the Peacock, or wings and feathers to the Ostrich, which leaveth her eggs in the dust, and forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or the wild beast may break them? She is hardened against her young ones as though they were not hers: her labor is in vain without fear; because God hath deprived her of wisdom, neither hath he imparted to her understanding. What time she lifteth up herself on high, she scorneth the horse and his rider."

Calmet translates the original of "*leaveth*" so as to make it mean "*deposits*;" and remarks that Mr. Ray and others, probably by understanding "*tazob*" as of a total dereliction, have supposed the egg of the ostrich to be hatched entirely by the sun, *quæ in arena condita. solis duntaxat calore foveri dicuntur*, whereas the original word "*tehammem*" signifies actively, that she heateth them, viz.: by incubation."

A SKETCH OF FLORIDA.

For the American Penny Magazine.

About twelve years ago, while yet in the hey-day of youth and health, it was my fortune to go, in company with four other young men, up the St. John's river in East Florida.

In the morning we easily forded, with our horses, an arm of the river, which, at our return in the evening, owing to the rise of the tide, had become impracticable, particularly for me, as I chanced to be mounted on one of the little Indian ponies so much used in that country. We several times essayed to cross the swelling, widening body of water, and were as often obliged to relinquish the undertaking; not however until I had urged in my little faithful animal, until my own rather extensive supporters were immersed in the turbid waters: a hydropathic application, which, had it been applied to my brains at that time, might possibly have been of essential service. As the distance across was about half a mile, this literally cooled our endeavor to pass; and we were obliged to retrace our steps, and try to find some shelter for the night.

One of our company had seen a planter, whose location was a short distance up the river; and thither we turned the heads of our weary and baffled steeds. We soon reached his log cabin; and, although the proprietor was absent, we were welcomed by his household, which consisted of a sick and lame *live oak* chopper, (who occupied a pallet in one corner of the cabin, and although bed-ridden, was fed and retained by the planter, for the benefit of his company,) and some thirty or forty slaves, who had their own little cabins separate from their master's. They gave us a hearty welcome; and the sick wood-chopper said "he knew Mr. Warton would be very glad to see us." An old female slave soon baked us some corn-cake, and boiled some hominy, which, with their delicious syrup, was all they had to set before us. But this was quite sufficient; and, after the exertions made in our escapes, by flood and field, right well did we enjoy this simple meal, and soon began to think of disposing of ourselves for the night. We took possession of the mattress of our humble host, placing it in the centre of the room, as a sort of general pillow, from which our bodies radiated in every direction. My companions were soon sleeping as sound as if canopied by crimson curtains: but, unfortunately for my repose, the cabin, besides its other occupants, contained an almost countless number of dogs, of various sizes, breeds and ages, which kept careering about the room, now and then trotting across our prostrate bodies, and sending my slumbers up the stick chimney.

I soon rose, to resolve myself into a committee of ways and means, to expel my canine friends from the cabin. Thinking I had succeeded, I again betook myself to wooing Somnus: but my limbs had no sooner formed a long radius of our sleeping circle, than I

heard a tremendous clatter and a rush; and a troop of hounds, bull-dogs and spaniels were again pursuing their peregrinations about the room, and over our bodies. This time I entered into a more minute investigation of the subject, and ascertained that they had obtained ingress through a hole in the stick chimney. After stopping this, I was enabled to forget myself and my unusual situation. I slept, but was haunted with dreams. I was again struggling with the waters. I retained my seat on the back of my floating pony, but an icy hand had clasped mine; and, in spite of my resistance, was pulling me down, under the water. I felt myself going—sinking deeper and deeper—the waters gradually rising about me—already a roaring, like Niagara, in my ears—when I make a superhuman exertion, snatched myself from that deathly grasp, and awoke with a loud scream!

All our party instantly sprang to their feet: but no one could ascertain the cause of the outcry. I found that one hand, thrown up over my head, had become torpid; and, being clasped by the other, had become the dead hand of my night-mare. Having no inclination to resume the thread of my broken dream, I wandered out in the clear moonlight, to take a stroll, and compose my disturb nerves. It was an exceedingly beautiful night. I could feel and can remember, but cannot describe it. To a person from our land of mountains and lakes, there is something inexpressibly striking in the appearance of the broad and placid St. John's, with its fringe of lordly live-oaks, curtained with moss, hanging to the very water's edge.—With regard to Mr. W's. little plantation, the order of things seemed to be reversed. His own cabin, instead of being adorned with trees or shrubbery was completely destitute of any thing of that kind; while those of his negroes were each surrounded by a little garden, in which they cultivated vegetables and orange trees, whence they derived some funds for their own use.

I had nearly reached the banks of the river, when I heard the voice of a person, singing merrily at the very top of his lungs. I rightly surmised that it was our host, on his return from Jacksonville, whether he had been with his boat for supplies. I immediately stepped forward, and simply stated our case to him, interlarded with a few excuses for having so far trespassed on him in his absence. He seemed delighted at the occurrence, seized my hand, which he neither relinquished, nor ceased shaking, until we had arrived at his domicile. "But," said he, pointing to two negro boys who followed him, one carrying on his head a keg of whiskey, the other a half barrel of crackers: "They must all get up and drink and tell a story all round." This requisition no one seemed to demur at: but a great search was made for cups; and it was not until after borrowing some of the negroes that we were at length supplied with a vessel each, of various

materials, size and color, from a tin dipper to a china cup.

The next day we departed, to the great apparent regret of our host, who urged us, with all the eloquence of which he was master, to stay and dine with him, and he would kill a cow, which he had shut up fattening. This may show that Southern hospitality is not confined to the highest and wealthiest, and may give some idea of the domestic arrangements and management of some of the tillers of the soil in our sunny Southern land.

HENRY HULL.

Claverack, Columbia co. N. York.
June, 1846.

DISGUSTING DEADLY COMPOUNDS.

By Accum on culinary poisons, we are told that:

"Green vitriol, alum and salt give head to beer."

"To make beer entire or old, the brewer needs none of the old modes of sophistication, for, by an admixture of sulphuric acid, it is done in an instant."

"To increase the intoxicating qualities of beer, cocculus indicus, opium, nux vomica, and extracts of poppies are used."

In the Wine and Spirit Merchant's Companion, J. Hartley, London, 1835, we have the following precious receipts—read them, electors of New York, who are inquiring whether you shall approve License or no License:

"Beading for brandy or Rum—oil of sweet almonds, oil of vitriol."

"Clearings for wine—sugar of lead with salt eruxum."

"Finings for gin—roche alum."

"To make gin—oil of juniper, bitter almonds, cassia, oil of vitriol."

"To imitate port wine—cider brandy, and a little port, with certain ingredients."

"To clear tainted gin—American potash, roche alum, salts of tartar."

"To strengthen gin—blue stone, oil of vitriol, oil of almonds."

"To bring beer forward—oil of vitriol, &c. This will make new beer appear twelve months old."

Also in the Home and Country Brewer, Child's Practical Brewery, Shannon's Treatise on Brewing and Distilling, particular directions are given how to cheat in drawing and showing the proof; how to charge more to some persons than to others, and the novice is led through the whole system of defrauding, deceiving, counterfeiting, and poisoning men, in the traffic of intoxicating drinks.

THE WHITE JASMINE.

It is in the class Decandria; order Monogynia. The generic character of the *Jasminum Officinale*—White Jasmine is—corolla salver form, five to eight cleft; berry two-seeded, each seed solitary and losing its ex-

ternal coat, which dries and falls off. The specific character is—leaves ranged in opposite rows and taper form; buds almost upright. This climber thrives well in a common garden soil, and bears its white flowers from June to October. This plant, when first introduced into France, was very much admired for the star-like flowers; they at first took considerable care of it, but at last left it mostly to itself, when they found it would do better without their aid. Its flexible branches twine around our window sills, and cause each gale that sweeps by to almost intoxicate with its delicious odors.

It became neglected, and at the end of the seventeenth century, there was but one place in Europe where it could be obtained, and that was in the garden of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, at Pisa. Jealous than any one should possess this charming plant but himself, he would not allow his gardener to give away a flower on any consideration, which order was disobeyed by the man presenting his betrothed with a sprig in a birth-day bouquet. She had profited by the instructions her lover at times had given her relative to the cultivation of plants; and, observing her prize with delight, as soon as he had departed, planted it, and was so successful in his culture, that she amassed a small fortune by the sale of the cuttings: enough to render them independent enough to marry. From this circumstance arose the proverb in that place, 'that she who is worthy to wear a nosegay of Jasmine is as good as a fortune to her husband.' This plant, of course, is only valuable for its odor; it was formerly celebrated in Italy, in some parts of which, even at the present day the oil is considered a specific for rheumatic pains and the cure of paralytic limbs. This oil is obtained by alternating layers of the flowers with cotton saturated with the oil of ben or any other scentless fixed oil, and exposing the whole in a covered vessel to the rays of the sun: the flowers are renewed until the oil becomes saturated with their odor, and it is then separated from the cotton by pressure; there is no other way of eliminating the odor, as the scent is lost entirely by distillation. The seeds of the Jasmine do not ripen in our climate, but the plant is increased by layering down the branches which took root in one year, and may then be separated from the parent stock and planted where they are to remain. Tyas says, that it may also be propagated by cuttings, which ought to be planted in the early part of autumn, and the earth covered with sand, ashes, or saw-dust, to keep the frost from entering the ground.—*Selected.*

A MAN OVERBOARD.

From Headley's Italy.

The pleasure of our passage over the Atlantic, was much marred by the loss of a man overboard. When within a few hundred miles of the Azores, we were overtaken, by a

succession of severe squalls. Forming almost instantaneously on the horizon, they moved down like phantoms on the ship. For a few moments after one struck us, we would be buried in foam and spray, and then heavily roll in a heavy sea. We however prepared ourselves, and soon got everything snug. The light sails were all in—the jibs, top-gallant and spanker furled close—the mainsail clewed up, and we were crashing along under close reefed topsails alone, when a man, who was coming down from the last reef, slipped as he stepped on the bulwarks and went over backwards into the waves. In a moment that most terrific of all cries at sea, “a man overboard! a man overboard!” flew like lightning over the ship. I sprung upon the quarter deck just as the poor fellow, with his “fearful human face,” riding the top of a billow, fled past.

In an instant all was commotion: plank after plank was cast over for him to seize and sustain himself on, till the ship could be put about and the boat lowered. The first mate, a bold fiery fellow, leaped into the boat that hung at the side of the quarter deck, and in a voice so sharp and stern I seem to hear it yet shouted, “in men—in men!” But the poor sailors hung back the sea was too wild. The second mate sprung to the side of the first, and the men ashamed to leave both their officers alone, followed. “Cut away the lashings,” exclaimed the officer—the knife glanced around the ropes—the boat fell to the water—rose on a huge wave far over the deck, and drifted rapidly astern. I thought it could not live a moment in such a sea, but the officer who held the helm was a skilful seaman. Twice in his life he had been wrecked, and for a moment I forgot the danger in admiration of his cool self-possession. He stood erect—the helm in his hand—his flashing eye embracing the whole peril in a single glance, and his hand bringing the head of the gallant little boat on each high sea that otherwise would have swamped her. I watched them for nearly two miles astern, when they lay-to to look for the lost sailor.

Just then I turned my eye to the southern horizon and saw a squall blacker and heavier than any we had before encountered rushing down upon us. The Captain also saw it and was terribly excited. He afterwards told me that in all his sea life he never was more so. He called for a flag, and, springing into the shrouds, waved it for their return. The gallant fellows obeyed the signal and pulled for the ship. But it was slow work, for the head of the boat had to be laid on to almost every wave. It was now growing dark, and if the squall should strike the boat before it reached the vessel, there was no hope for it. It would either go down at once, or drift away into the surrounding darkness, to struggle out the night as it could. I shall never forget that scene. All along the southern horizon between the black water and the blacker

heavens was a white streak of tossing foam. Nearer and clearer every moment it boiled and roared on its track. Between it and us appeared at intervals that little boat like a black speck on the crest of the billows, and then sunk away apparently engulfed for ever. One moment the squall would seem to gain on it beyond the power of escape, and then delay its progress.

As I stood and watched them both, and yet could not tell which would reach us first, the excitement amounted to perfect agony. Seconds seemed lengthened into hours. I could not look steadily on that gallant little crew, now settling the question of life and death to themselves and perhaps to us, who would be left almost unmanned in the middle of the Atlantic, and encompassed by a storm. The sea was making fast, and yet that frail thing rode it like a duck. Every time she sunk away she carried my heart down with her, and when she remained a longer time than usual, I would think it was all over, and cover my eyes in horror—the next moment she would appear between us and the black rolling cloud literally covered with foam and spray. The Captain knew, as he said afterwards, that a few minutes more would decide the fate of his officers and crew. He called for his trumpet, and springing up the ratlings, shouted over the roar of the blast and waves, “*Pull away, my brave bullies, the squall is coming—give way, my hearties!*” and the bold fellows did “give way” with a will. I could see their ashen oars quiver as they rose from the water, while the life-like boat sprung to their strokes down the billows, like a panther on a leap. On she came, and on came the blast. It was the wildest struggle I ever gazed on, but the gallant little boat conquered. Oh, how my heart leaped when she at length shot round the stern, and rising on a wave far above our lee quarter, shook the water from her drenched head as if in delight to find her shelter again.

The chains were fastened, and I never pulled with such right good will on a rope as on the one that brought that boat up the vessel's side. As the heads of the crew appeared over the bulwarks I could have hugged the brave fellows in transport. As they stepped on deck not a question was asked—no report given—but “*Forward, men!*” broke from the Captain's lips. The vessel was trimmed to meet the blast, and we were again bounding on our way. If that squall had pursued the course of all the former ones, we must have lost our crew; but when nearest the boat (and it seemed to me the foam was breaking not a hundred rods off) the wind suddenly veered, and held the cloud in check, so that it swung round close to our bows. The poor sailor was gone; he came not back again. It was his birth-day (he was 25 years old), and alas it was his death-day. Whether, a bold swimmer, he saw at a distance his companions hunting hopeless for

him, and finally with his heart growing cold with despair, beheld them turn back to the ship, and the ship itself toss its spars away from him for ever, or whether the sea soon took him under, we know not. We saw him no more—and a gloom fell on the whole ship. There were but few of us in all, and we felt his loss. It was a wild and a dark night; Death had been among us and had left us with sad and serious hearts. And as I walked to the stern and looked back on the foam and tumult of the vessel's wake, in which the poor sailor had disappeared, I instinctively murmured the mariner's hymn, closing with the sincere prayer—

"Oh! sailor boy, sailor boy, peace to thy soul!"

At length the winds lulled, the clouds broke away, and a large space of blue sky and bright stars appeared overland. The dark-storm cloud hung along the distant horizon, over which the lightning still played, while the distant thunder broke at intervals over the deep. The black ocean moaned on in its heavy sobbings, the drenched and staggering ship rolled heavily on its restless bosom, and the great night encompassed all. This was solitude so deep and awful that my heart seemed to throb audibly in my bosom. My eye ached with the effort to piece the surrounding darkness, and find something to relieve the loneliness of the scene. At length the rising moon showed its bright disc over a cloud, tinging its black edge with silver, and pouring a sea of light on a wide surface, and the quietness of a summer morning rested on all the scene.

THE PINK.

This plant is the type of a natural order, the Caryophyllaceæ, which are herbs with opposite entire leaves, destitute of any appendages at their base, the stems swelling out at the knots; flowers are regular; calyx of four or five sepals or cup-leaves; the corolla or blossom of the same number, sometimes wanting; stamens as many or twice as many as the petals; styles or stigmas two or five, distinct; capsule two or five-valved, or opening only at the apex by twice as many valves as stigmas. The primitive Pinks are simply red and white, emitting a fragrant odor; but cultivation has altered the shades and doubled the petals, and we have them now from a delicate rose color to a perfect white, and from a deep red to a brilliant scarlet; in many varieties, opposite colors on the same flower. This garden Pink has become associated with the memory of a grandson of Louis the Fifteenth, the young Duke of Burgundy. Some persons tried to persuade him that Nature obeyed his will, by ordering that Pinks which he had planted came up in a single night, for by removing the pots and substituting others, really made him think it was so. One night, unable to sleep, he wished to rise, but was then told it was midnight. "Well," said he, "I will have it day."

The *DIANTHUS PROLIFER*—GARDEN PINK, is in the class Decandria; order Digynia. The generic name is from the Greek, meaning divine flower, so named from its pre-eminent beauty and fragrance; it is characterized by the inferior cylindrical calyx, one-leaved, with four or eight scales at the base; petals five, with claws; capsule cylindrical; one-celled, opening at the top. Our species is the pretty pink-flowered annual, occasionally found in gravelly pictures, with the flowers clustered in beds. This plant is a native of Africa; it had found its way into Spain at the time of Augustus Cæsar; it was taken from Biscay by the conquering legions he sent there to put down a rebellion, and by them conveyed to Rome, where it was a great favorite, and was universally worn in the chaplets of fragrant blossoms at meal times; from whence it was disseminated throughout Europe. It was early introduced into our own country, and is now in its palmy days. Its true origin not being generally known, Shaw, an English poet, considered it a native of Italy, where at present it is little valued, as the modern Italians hold perfumes in aversion; in the following lines he alludes to both ideas.

In fair Italia's bosom born
Dianthus spreads his fringed ray,
And glowing 'mid the purpled morn,
Adds fragrance to the new born day.

Oft by some mould'ring time-worn tower,
Or classic stream he loves to rove,
Where dancing nymphs, and satyrs blithe,
Once listened to the notes of Love.

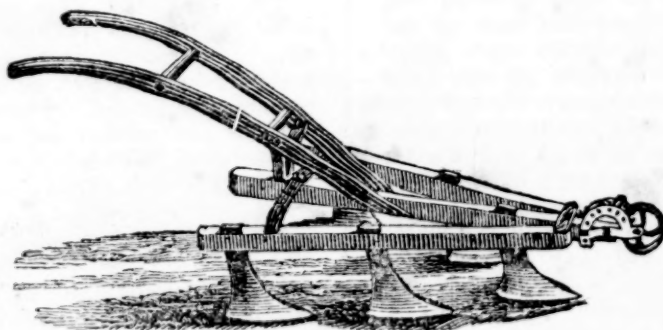
Sweet flower, beneath thy natal sky,
No fav'ring smiles thy scents invite;
To Britain's worthier regions fly
And paint her meadows with delight.

It is the emblem of Lively and Pure Affection. Mary Robinson sings—

Each pink sends forth its choicest sweet,
Aurora's warm embrace to meet.

It has no medicinal properties that entitle it to much consideration.—*Selected.*

Superstition.—Every devout catholic family of Rio has two things—an image of St. Antonio and a whip. If the saint, after being duly invoked, still refuse to grant the boon craved, he is taken down from his niche and soundly flogged. This chastisement is repeated till a priest interferes and consoles the disappointed with the persuasion that the blessing sought has been, or will be, conferred in some other form. This will account for the bruised or mangled state in which you find poor Antonio in almost every house. There is something unique and interesting in this mode of obtaining benedictions. If a saint won't shell out, when he has the power, why should he not be whipped?—*Selected.*



THE CULTIVATOR.

We copy from the *American Agriculturist* the following history and description of this most valuable implement:—

Cultivators are of various kinds; we could enumerate at least twenty. The general form of them, however, is essentially the same, the greatest variations being in the teeth. Of these some are made of a triangular flat shape, like those represented in our cut; others like a small hoe blade or chisel, with sharp edges at the sides as well as at the front; others again with reverse teeth, which, when the point of one end is worn off, can be turned and used at the other end. In addition to these, coulter or harrow teeth are frequently added, and sometimes the two hind teeth are made like a plowshare, to throw the soil to or from the crops as desired, while the middle teeth stir the earth effectually, and cut up the weeds between the rows.

The cultivator should always be made to expand and contract at pleasure, so as to accommodate itself to different widths of space between the rows. One kind may expand from two and a half to five feet or more, another from one and a half to three feet. They are admirable implements to stir the ground and destroy the weeds, and for these purposes they will do the work of two or three plows. They are absolutely indispensable on the farm and plantation, and in the garden.

The celebrated Tull was the first who used cultivators to any extent. He contended that repeated stirrings of the earth were equivalent to manuring it; and in triumphant evidence of this, he pointed to a *poor* field where he had grown crops for thirteen years without manure, or summer following, or plowing in a single green crop to fertilize it; and yet his last crops were the best. He even sowed wheat and other grain in drills or rows so wide apart as to be able to work the cultivator between them, and thus obtained on a poor soil forty-eight bushels per acre.

We have recently greatly improved our cultivators by strongly iron-bracing the handles to the timbers, and lengthening and setting them more slanting. This gives the operator greater power over the implement, and makes it easier managing it. A wheel is set on to the end of the cultivator or not, as

desired. This is useless in very uneven or rocky ground; but when the surface is tolerably smooth it is very desirable, as it makes the cultivator both easier and steadier, and with it the teeth can be exactly gauged, to work the ground any required depth.

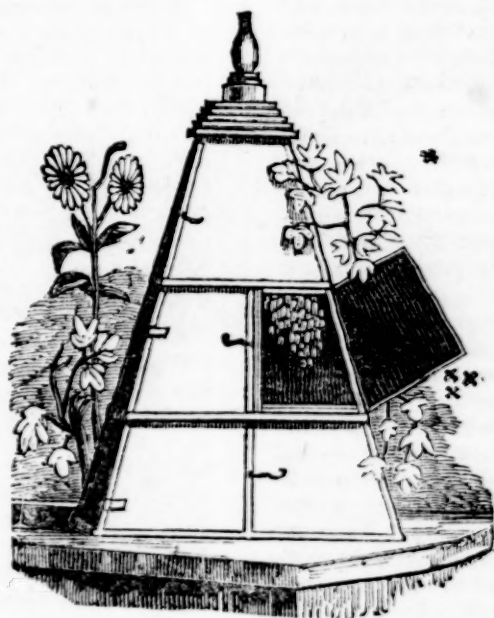
The price varies from \$5 to \$8, according to the size and the number and kinds of teeth required in it.

The Hand Cultivator.—This is made entirely of iron, except the handle, and will expand from ten to eighteen inches. It is a very useful implement in the garden for clearing out the rows of beets, carrots, parsnips, and indeed everything sowed in drills, raking up beds, &c. It will do the work of four men at least. Price \$3.—*Am. Agriculturist*.

The Movements of the Army.—The long time passed by the army at Matamoros has caused many inquiries as to its future movements. Monterey, it has been understood, was to be the next point at which a stand would be made, but now the question arises whether the army can get there? The distance from Matamoros is three hundred miles, and we have yet to learn that the army has the stores or the means of transportation, nor is it known that with the stores and means of transportation, there are roads suitable for the movements of wagons, &c. The general opinion, and a well founded one, now is, that the army will not go to Monterey this summer.—*N. Orl. Pap.*

RECEIPT.

LEGERDEMAIN—or, how to get a whole suit of Clothes into a Junk Bottle.—Every time you feel like taking a “horn,” drop the price of a “nipper” into the bottle and drink a glass of pure cold water. Repeat this until the bottle is full, then break it and carry the contents to a good tailor, and within the space of a week, you will find yourself encased in a whole suit of clothes, without any trouble or expence to yourself. The same can be done with hat, boots, &c. We have known a cart load of wood, and a barrel of flour to be transformed into a similar manner.—*Sel.*



IMPROVED BEE HIVE.

Among the numerous forms, plans and appearances which have been given to beehives within a few past years, the specimen before us may be selected as one containing some of the most important improvements, although others have been preferred to it in use. It contains compartments, with holes so disposed, between them, that the bees may be admitted to only one of them at a time, and, when that is filled with honey, to another and another in succession, by drawing back little sliders, from the holes bored between them, and afterwards closing them, to confine the industrious insects to the compartments next to be filled with their rich store.

The figure above shows one of the numerous kinds of hives annually exhibited at the Fair of the American Institute in New York, and in use in different parts of the country. Much of the honey now brought to market is purer and newer than a few years ago, in consequence of the extensive use of beehives constructed in different compartments, which is one of the chief improvements effected. It is customary to place a small box in each little chamber for the bees to work in; and these are successively removed when full, and sold with their contents, usually at a higher price than honey made in the common way. The old, single hives usually contain honey made in several seasons, intermingled with bee-bread, and young and old bees which have been killed with the fumes

of burning sulphur, the unkind and fatal reward which has formerly awaited thousands of those useful insects, at the close of their summer's labor. On the present plan their lives are all spared, and they are fed through the winter with a generous portion of the sweet food they have provided.

A piece of glass is usually inserted in each honey box, through which the insects may be watched at their work, and the quality of the honey seen. We add the following remarks on bees from a recent work.

When a queen is removed from a hive, the bees do not immediately perceive it; they continue their labors, "watch over their young, and perform all their ordinary occupations. But in a few hours, agitation ensues; all appears a scene of tumult in the hive: a singular humming is heard; the bees desert their young, and rush over the surface of the combs with a delirious impetuosity." They have now evidently discovered that their sovereign is gone; and the rapidity with which the bad news spreads through the hive, to the opposite side of the combs, is very remarkable. On replacing the queen in the hive, tranquillity is almost instantly restored. The bees, it is worthy of notice, recognise the individual person of their own queen. If another be palmed upon them, they seize and surround her, so that she is either suffocated or perishes by hunger; for it is very remarkable, that the workers are never known to attack a queen bee with their stings.

If, however, more than eighteen hours have elapsed before the stranger queen be introduced, she has some chance to escape; the bees at first seize and confine her; but less

rigidly; and they soon begin to disperse, and at length leave her to reign over a hive in which she was at first treated as a prisoner. If twenty-four hours have elapsed, the stranger will be received from the first, and at once admitted to the sovereignty of the hive. In short, it appears that the bees, when deprived of their queen, are thrown into great agitation; that they wait about twenty hours, apparently in hopes of her return; but that, after this interregnum, the agitation ceases; and they set about supplying their loss by beginning to construct royal cells. It is, when they are in this temper, and not sooner, that a stranger queen will be graciously received; and upon her being presented to them, the royal cells, in whatever state of forwardness they may happen to be, are instantly abandoned, and the larvæ destroyed. Reaumur must, therefore, have mistaken the result of his own experiments, when he asserts, that a stranger queen is instantly well received, though presented at the moment when the other is withdrawn. He had seen the bees crowding round her at the entrance of the hive, and laying their antennæ over her; and this he seems to have taken for caressing. The structure of the hives he employed prevented him from seeing further; had he used the leaf-hive, or one of similar construction, he would have perceived that the apparent caresses of the guards were only the prelude of actual imprisonment.

After the season of swarming, it is well known, a general massacre of the drones is commenced. Several authors assert that the workers do not sting the drones to death, but merely harass them till they be banished from the hive and perish. H. Huber contrived a glass table, on which he placed several hives, and he was thus able to see distinctly what passed in the bottom of the hive, which is generally dark and concealed; he witnessed a real and furious massacre of the males, the workers thrusting their stings so deep into the bodies of the defenceless drones, that they were obliged to turn on themselves as on a pivot, before they could extricate them. The work of death commenced in all the hives much about the same time. It is not, however, by a blind or indiscriminating instinct that the workers are impelled thus to sacrifice the males; for if a hive be deprived of its queen, no such massacre takes place in it, but the males are allowed to survive the winter.

A farm, or a country, may be overstocked with bees, as with any sort of animal; for a certain number of hives always require a certain number of flowers to subsist on. When the flowers near home are rifled, then are these industrious insects seen taking extensive ranges, but their abilities may be overtaxed; and if they are obliged, in quest of honey, to go too far from home, they are overwearied in the pursuit, they are devoured by birds, or beaten down by the winds and rain.

From a knowledge of this, in some parts of France and Piedmont, they have contrived a kind of floating bee-house. They have on board one barge threescore or a hundred bee-hives, well defended from the inclemency of an accidental storm; and with these, the owners suffer themselves to float gently down the river. As the bees are continually choosing their flowery pasture along the banks of the stream, they are furnished with sweets before unrifled; and thus a single floating bee-house yields the proprietor a considerable income.

The bees are nearly alike in all parts of the world, yet there are differences worthy of our notice. In Guadaloupe, the bee is less by one half than the European, and more black and round. They have no sting, and make their cells in hollow trees, where, if the hole they meet with is too large, they form a sort of waxen house, of the shape of a pear, and in this they lodge and store their honey, and lay their eggs. They lay up their honey in waxen vessels of the size of a pigeon's egg, of a black or deep violet color; and these are so joined together, that there is no space left between them.

The honey never congeals, but is fluid, of the consistence of oil, and the color of amber. Resembling these, there are found little black bees, without a sting, in all the tropical climates, and though these countries are replete with bees, like our own, yet those form the most useful and laborious tribe in that part of the world. The honey they produce is neither so unpalatable, nor so surfeiting as ours; and the wax is so soft, that it is only used for medicinal purposes, it being never found hard enough to form into candles, as in Europe.

LIGHTNING.—There was a magnificent exhibition on Friday night, in a cloud which came up from the west. The lightning played through it in the most dazzling manner for an hour or two, to the great delight of a large number of spectators assembled along Brooklyn Heights. A striking phenomenon occurred in connection with this lightning cloud, upon which we heard several persons remark. After assuming various fantastic shapes for some time, one end of it became detached, and gradually wrought itself into the form which strikingly resembled a complete outline, on a gigantic scale, of Stewart's portrait of Washington. This resemblance was very evident to many gentlemen. From a form of a head of Washington, the cloud gradually wove itself into the representation of a dog, and thence into several 'questionable shapes' until it finally amalgamated with the main body from which it emanated.—*Selected.*

CITY AND PYRAMID OF CHOLULA.

(From "Recollections of Mexico.")

"The great city of Cholula," (said Cortes, in one of his letters,) "is situated in a plain, and has twenty thousand householders in the body of the city, besides as many more in the suburbs. There is not a palm's breadth of land which is not cultivated, notwithstanding which, there is in many places much suffering for bread. The people of this city dress better than the Tlascalans. The most respectable of the citizens wear something like a Moorish cloak over their other clothes, but somewhat different, as those worn here have pockets; yet in the shape, the cloth and the fringe, there is much resemblance to those worn in Africa."

He adds that he had himself counted the towers of more than four hundred idol temples. The account of Bernal Dias, although more brief, yet represents it as a populous and most extraordinary city, and he adds, that it was famous for the manufacture of the finest crockery-ware, as in Castile were the cities of Talavera and Palencia. The city of Puebla is at this day equally celebrated for the same manufacture.

It was here that the terrible slaughter was committed which has left the deepest stain upon the character of Cortes. The Cholulans had received him with every demonstration of friendship into their city, and had afterwards concerted a plan to destroy all the Spaniards; this plot was discovered through the address and sagacity of a woman: Dona Marina, the Indian interpreter of Cortes, whose qualities throw into the shade our own Pocahontas. Not a vestige, literally none,—not a brick or a stone standing upon another remains of this immense city, except the great pyramid, which still stands in gloomy and solitary grandeur in the vast plain, which surrounds it. This pyramid is built of unburnt bricks; its dimensions, as given by Humboldt, are, base 1440 feet, present height 177, area on the summit 45,210 square feet. The base is greatly out of proportion with its height, it compared with the Egyptian or other similar Mexican piles. All other pyramids of which we have any account are carried up to a point, and have not the same large area upon the summit; from which, I think that it may well be supposed that it was once of much greater elevation, or that to render it such was the original design of the builders. A Catholic chapel now crowns the summit of this immense mound, the sides of which are covered with grass and small trees. As seen for miles along the road, an artificial mountain standing in the solitude of a vast plain, it is a most imposing and beautiful object.

A short distance after leaving Puebla the road for several miles passes through the beautiful cultivated plain of which I have heretofore spoken. This vast plain, all of which is in cultivation, extends on each side of the road as far as the eye can reach. The

farms, in the quality of the soil, houses, fixtures and cultivation, are greatly superior to any others which I saw in Mexico. To the right lies the territory of the great Republic of Tlascala, which first offered such fierce resistance and afterwards gave such important assistance to Cortes in the conquest of Mexico. It is difficult to reconcile the accounts given by Cortes and Bernal Dias, of the immense population of the city and country of Tlascala with the very small territory which they occupied. Cortes says, "The territory of Tlascala contains a population of five hundred thousand householders, not including the adjoining province of Guasincango."—"This city," says he, "is so large and contains so many wonderful things, that I must leave much untold; the little which I shall relate is almost incredible, because it is a much larger and a much stronger city than Granada, the houses as good and the population much greater than was that of Granada at the period of its conquest, and much better provided with the productions of the earth, such as bread, &c. There is a market where more than thirty thousand people daily assemble and buy and sell, &c., &c. There are houses where they wash and shave the head like barbers; they have baths also. Finally, they have in all respects good order and police, and are altogether a civilized people." In one of Cortes' battles with them they brought into the field one hundred and fifty thousand warriors. It is difficult to conceive how a territory not more than fifty miles long and thirty wide, and with the state of agriculture at that time, could have sustained such an enormous population; but the difficulty is in some degree removed when we reflect that they had no horses nor other domestic animals.

I must confess some little incredulity when I read such accounts as the following. Speaking of his battles with the Tlascalans, he says:—

"And thus they drew us on, while engaged in fighting, until we found ourselves (*about five hundred Spaniards*) in the midst of more than one hundred thousand warriors, who surrounded us on all sides. The battle lasted the whole day, until an hour before sunset, when they drew off. In this contest, with six pieces of ordnance, five or six hand guns, forty archers, and thirteen horsemen that remained with me, I did them much injury, *without suffering from them any other inconvenience than the labor and fatigue of fighting and hunger.* And it truly seemed that God fought on our side, since with such a multitude of the enemy opposed to us, who discovered so great courage and skill in the use of arms, of which they had many kinds, we nevertheless came off *unhurt*."

"Afterwards, at daylight, more than one hundred and fifty thousand men, who covered the land, made an attack in so determined a manner upon our camp, that some of them forced an entrance and engaged the Spaniards

at the point of the sword, when it pleased our Lord to afford us his aid to such a degree, that in four hours they no longer annoyed us in our camp, although they still continued their attacks; and thus we were engaged until evening, when the enemy at length drew off."

Again not a Spaniard killed or wounded! Nothing that we read in the most extravagant romances equals this; all the fictions of the *Orlando Furioso*; all the achievements of the "furious Roland," are quite feasible compared with this.

One cannot pass through this now barren and almost desolate region, and in sight of the mountain of Malinche, where once stood the capital of the renowned Republic of Tlascala, without his thoughts recurring to its former greatness and power, and its heroic and faithful people. The road passes within about twenty miles of the mountain of Popocatepetl, the highest point of the territory of Mexico; but the brightness of the atmosphere, and a tropical sun shining upon the snow with which it is always covered, make the distance seem very much shorter, not indeed more than one or two miles. In descending the mountain at about the distance of twenty-five miles, the first glimpse is caught of the city and valley of Mexico.

THE HOUSE OF JOHN DRYDEN.

In Fetter Lane, London, still stands the house of John Dryden—the place where the poet commenced his career. From Fetter Lane to Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey,—“toil, penury and ignoble strife,” with some brief glimpses of that thing by mortals called immortality—the boon of the few really great, which men tardily award, some century or so after the grave has closed over them, and the mockery of marble has proclaimed that he who in vain asked bread has at least received a stone. Such, in the days of the second Charles, was the fate of the poet dependent upon the caprices of fashion for his daily bread, and somewhat like this was the fate of John Dryden, one who might have taken his place among the highest, had he not sought all too much the incense of the fleeting hour, and bought it at the dear cost of a poet's apotheosis—the head of the idol was gold, but his feet were of clay.

Over either side of the thoroughfare over which it stands, and which was formerly known as Fleur-de-Lys Court, appear two grim specimens of physiognomy, intended to represent lions. Just inside the court is a small door on the left hand side; it was at this that I adventurously knocked, on my recent visit to the place, for I had a desire to see the inside as well as the outside of the poet's house. A ragged-headed, slipshod girl made her appearance.

In reply to my inquiries as to the inhabitants, she knew nothing. The stairs were sufficiently broad, and something like ornament just glimmered about the bannisters.

I went along a landing-place, then up a short flight of stairs, then through a passage, knocking here and there at the different doors on my way.

Who cared for John Dryden in that house?—it would have been sheer folly to have made any enquiries of such people as I was introduced to respecting the great Poet.

I looked in at a door—on a low truckle bed, in one corner, lay two poor children in the disturbed sleep of fever—and the woman herself was evidently very sick—on the floor lay a heap of rabbit skins, imparting a noisome effluvia. These it was the woman's business to dress and clean, whilst her husband went his daily round to collect more. I descended once more; “what is your pleasure, sir?”

“Why, Ma'am,” I replied, “I am fond of hunting about old houses, and making myself acquainted with their histories, and that of the people who have inhabited them.”

“Are you a surveyor, sir?” “Oh! no.

You know of course what that is?”

“Do you collect the rates, sir?”

“Oh! dear no. Pray did you ever hear of John Dryden?”

“There is no such name in my house—sir.”

But in escaping from one den, I fell into another for next door to John Dryden's house resides an Israelite. I enquired if he knew anything of John Dryden, who formerly dwelt in that neighborhood. Receiving a gruff negative, I was departing utterly discomfited, when a younger Levite of the establishment mechanically tapped me on the shoulder with these words, “But I dare say we can find him for you, if he's back on his rent.”—*Boston Atlas*.

A Jesuit's Opinion of the Bible.—The following opinion of the Bible was written by a Georgetown Jesuit:—

In vain you look into the Scriptures for a full, clear, and succinct statement of faith and practice. Articles of doctrine are scattered without order, their meaning is hidden under obscurity of language, the advance of the inquirer is arrested by apparent contradictions, and seldom do any two readers agree in the same decision. Of all the possible forms under which a perfect and complete rule of faith could have been published, the New Testament is the most incongruous and confused; and what no sensible man would ever have adopted. We ought not to attribute to the wisdom of God that which is unworthy of the wisdom of man.”

Impiety and infidelity and irreligion cannot transcend this Popish scoffing at the Holy Book.—*Prot. Magazine*.

Vegetable aliment, as neither distending the vessels, nor loading the system, never interrupts the stronger action of the mind: while the heat, fulness and weight of animal food is adverse to its vigorous efforts.—*Cullen*.

stable, or on a bleak hill. Timidity and a lack of proper weapons of defence, as well as a more gregarious disposition that horned cattle have, induce them to crowd close when feeding as well as when in the barn. It is owing to their natural timid spirit that small flocks are always more wild than large ones, and cannot be so readily approached.

Care should therefore be taken that the air may not become foul in consequence of their crowding too close. For this purpose small flocks are better than large ones; and it is well known that they are not so liable to disease. There is less danger of horned cattle, as they never practice crowding close. Yet horned cattle are sometimes too much confined. Calves do not require so much warmth as old cows, and they winter better when they are not penned very close.

A farmer of Suffield, Ct., finds his account in keeping sheep for their meat. The wool is of less account. His lambs always bring a good price in Hartford. He speaks highly of the South Down race, as furnishing the best of mutton.

Sheep want something green during our long winters. They will eat pitch pine boughs when shut close in yards, and they will browse extensively when suffered to run in the woods. If you let them range over your mowing grounds in winter, when they are not protected by snow, you injure the next crop materially. All the manure that they scatter will make but little compensation for the close picking which they find in the fields. It is better to keep sheep in the yard than to let them run in winter. Give them boughs and roots of any kind and save all manure.—*Plowman.*

From Elliott's Letters from the North of Europe.

GOthic ARCHITECTURE.

In the course of the journey I passed a church built of bricks, one of the very few that is to be met with in a country where wood is the chief constituent of every building. Most of the village churches are so rude in structure, that it is difficult to comprise them within any general description: but there is a something in the *tout ensemble* of most which convinces an Englishman that the stately and elegant arches, he loves and reveres are unjustly called Gothic if that term be intended to connect them with the labors of the artificers of Gothland.—The term "Gothic architecture" is generally used with so indefinite an application, that it is difficult to affix to it any precise meaning. The restorers of the Grecian orders in Italy, in the sixteenth century, seem to have designated as Gothic every ruder style which then existed. In that sense, and with strange confusion of ideas, the epithet is used by Sir Christopher Wren and

subsequent writers: but it seems now to be generally admitted that the term was misapplied; for the heavy and cumbrous style of architecture which prevailed over Europe from the fourth to the twelfth century was a rude and incorrect imitation of the Grecian, as handed down through Roman models.—In England it was called Saxon, because it obtained during the period of the Saxon dynasty; but it is to be traced to our Roman conquerors, whose skill and science were lost in the amalgamation of their descendants with the uncivilized Britons.—When England became part of Christendom in the sixth century, the pagan temples were consecrated to Christian worship. By degrees the emissaries of the Pope manifested their zeal by teaching their converts to raise superior structures of stone after Roman models. Some of our abbots are said to have hired workmen from Rome, and themselves to have made journeys thither, for the purpose of studying the architecture of St. Peter's. When the Danes and Normans, who, as pagans, were relentless in the destruction of Christian churches, were themselves converted, they became equally zealous in the erection of those monuments of their heritance and faith that still exist in vast numbers in England and Normandy. All the Norman bishops seem to have been skilled in architecture; for almost every church in our island was rebuilt by one or other of them within half a century after the conquest. Their object was to unite the sublime and beautiful. Hence, on the one hand, the length and loftiness of their buildings; on the other, the elegant decorations and the series of arches which form an unrivalled, majestic vista. This which is called the "pointed style," was gradually improved by the efforts of Normans, English and French, at a time when they were intimately connected by political ties; and instead of being derived from either Goths or Italians, was probably the fruit of Norman zeal and ingenuity, and the pure growth of English soil.

OREGON.—Under the terms of the treaty, the British are to remain in possession, and can hold the fine lands on the North of the Columbia River, up to latitude 49. They are to have possession of the military posts down below 49, for aught that appears, and although nominally under our jurisdiction, they will own all the property and the lands which they have in possession.

nishes his own cell with a green or violet-colored serge, and places his arms outside of the door. The "apostolic constitutions require the cells to be placed in a line and on one level."

MISCELLANEOUS.

CONDITION OF THE POOR.

At a public meeting held in London, a few months since, the Marquis of Normanby presiding, several statements were made which indicate the miserable condition, both moral and physical, in which large numbers of the population are found in some districts of England. The chairman stated among other important facts, the deterioration of the public health in those districts, that "in Lancashire where property had increased from 136 per cent. the mortality had increased from 1 in 46, to 1 in 36, or nearly 25 per cent. wealth and death walking hand in hand." Want of a full supply of water, insufficiency of ventilation and drainage, and unremitted labor, were regarded as among the permanent causes of this unhappy change.

A calculation was presented to the meeting, from which it appeared, that spreading the charges over a number of years, every house could be supplied with water, properly ventilated and drained, streets opened and widened, public parks kept up, and a medical officer of health retained, all at about \$3 50 to each house, and Dr. Playfair estimated that £389,000 (nearly two millions of dollars,) could be saved to Manchester alone by the adoption of such measures.

Sir Robert Inglis earnestly insisted on the necessity of establishing a uniform system of sewerage and drainage throughout the country. The Rev. W. W. Champneys presented himself as one of the working clergy. His parish contained about 35,009 souls, and the average duration of human life there is twenty-five years, while in a neighboring parish it is forty. He described a very narrow street, with very close alleys and courts diverging, containing within the space of half a quarter of a mile. 1,162 persons a population equal to two or three country parishes.

RESCUED FROM DROWNING.—While a boat was coming up the bay day before yesterday from Gravesend, the person in it met a man swimming unsuccessfully against the ebb tide, a distance of about two miles below Governor's Island. He was taken

into the boat in a nearly exhausted condition; and it appeared that he was one of the recruits on Governor's Island who had recently been ordered to the seat of war. Having a great antipathy to the vicinity of Matamoros, and the horrors of war, he packed his raiment into a bundle and fastened it to his back and attempted to swim from the Island to the Atlantic dock. He was unable to reach the point at which he aimed, and was carried down current in the manner already narrated. He was landed in New York, and immediately betook himself to parts unknown.—*Express*.

REMARKABLE.—A favorite and valuable dog belonging to a gentleman up town, has been taught to catch any article thrown at him, and if it is of an eatable nature of course he makes way with it. A few weeks since a daughter of the gentleman returning from a shopping excursion, had occasion to purchase a paper of pins; near home she took them in her hand. On approaching the house she was observed by the affectionate animal who came bounding down the steps to meet his young mistress, who innocently threw the paper of pins at the dog, which he hastily caught and swallowed, much to the alarm of the young lady, and without any serious manifestations of alarm on the part of "old Rolla." Like most matters of the kind, it proved a few hours' wonder and probably would never have been thought of had it not, a few days since, been discovered by the children that Rolla was putting forth pins, the real solid-headed Knickerbocker pins, a fac simile of such as the ladies use to pin up their dresses. When upon further examination it was discovered that some hundreds of pins were observable protruding from the sides and back of the dog. And what is still more remarkable, some seventy or eighty pins have been extracted from his tail, about two inches from the body. The dog apparently suffers no inconvenience from his new coat, though the operation of removing them is quite painful.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

Sheep Husbandry.—A farmer who has formerly kept large flocks of sheep, and says they were generally healthy, objects entirely to housing or sheltering so much as to confine the air which they breathe. He has always succeeded best under open sheds, where the sheep might retire in case of a storm, and yet have liberty to lie out in the open air, when they choose.

There is no doubt that sheep suffer oftener than cattle in consequence of close stabling. Sheep lie close together, whether in a warm

CEREMONIES ON THE DEATH OF THE POPE.

Continued from Page 359.

After the close of the funeral ceremonies of the old pope, a long and complex course of intrigues is carried on by those who have anything to hope from a new one. These operations are usually commenced, in a greater or less degree, before the interment, and often before the death of the pontiff. Women, in all ages, have exerted a great influence over the ecclesiastical population of modern Rome. The power of courtizans and favorites has always been greater in the state than in the most dissolute temporal courts.—At all epochs we see princes and pontiffs of the Church governed by women, who have often pushed their power to a shameful extreme. Ambitious women, and those who sell their influence, make their attacks wholly upon the clergy; and it is a common remark, that they like better to reign over a city full of priests, than over a kingdom peopled by gentlemen.

Under the pontificate of Innocent 10th, a woman, named Olympia, governed the States of the Holy See for eleven years; and a medal was actually struck in her honor, bearing her figure, with Peter's keys in her hand, and wearing the tiara on her head, while the reverse showed the Pope in the dress of a woman, holding a distaff and spindle. It is related of her that, after she had procured his election, she said to him: "Give me your two keys."

"Not both," replied he.

"Yes, I want them both; for you are capable of locking Paradise to me, and opening hell."

The chief female intriguers of Rome are called the "*women prelates*;" and those ecclesiastics whom they subject to their control, the "*prelate women*."

And while the upper classes are a prey to such agitations, a turbulence of opinions exists in other departments of Roman society. In the streets and public squares, in the churches and every where else, the grand question is discussed, of who shall be Pope? Pontiffs are elected and defeated by the rabble beyond the Tiber, as well as in the palaces and hotels of the Piazza di Spagna, crowded by strangers attracted to the city by the occasion.

And the people are full of talk about the open traffic in Cardinals' votes: "Cheaper than onions in market," say they Cardinals sell their votes during the vacancy of the Holy See. What a portentous fact it is, that there is in the Italian language such a word as *Popess*! (*pappessa*.) With great humility a cardinal is said to have returned the following reply to a lady of his acquaintance, when she told him, just before a conclave, that she hoped to see him Pope to-morrow; "I do not aspire to it for myself; My only reason to desire it is, that I might see you Popess."

Among the various arguments urged in favor of the election to the papacy, the most solid is well known to be, in most cases, the probability of a short life: for the choice is usually made by contending factions, who can unite only on a man whose infirmities give promise of a new election at a short period. But let us describe the conclave and the parties connected with it.

The conclave.—The ceremonial constitutions allow the cardinals to choose the place of the conclave. The Vatican palace was usually preferred, on account of its vast size and easy access to the people, who crowded the vicinity of the place of meeting the three conclaves, however, at the elections of Leo 12th, Pius 8th and the late pope, Gregory 16th, were held in the Quirinal. Pius 7th, it will be recollected, was chosen in Venice, by thirty-five cardinals, assembled by Napoleon.

The origin of the conclave dates back in 1268. On the death of Clement 4th, the cardinals met at Viterbo, were unable to choose a pope in two years, and were about to separate, when "St. Bonaventura" advised the inhabitants to close the sacred college.—Hence originated the conclave (*con*, with, and *clavus*, a key, that is, a locked-up place,) which was afterwards required, by a bull of Pope Gregory 10th.

The day following the close of the funeral ceremonies, the "Mass of the Holy Spirit" is said, with solemnity, a Latin oration is delivered, and a procession of cardinals enters the chapel, singing "*Veni Creator*." Bulls relating to the election are then read, and the cardinal-dean delivers a speech, recommended their strict observance. The conclave is held in a vast gallery, where two rows of cells are constructed of narrow pine boards, with a passage between them. Each cardinal fur-

POETRY.

ADDRESS OF A CHILD'S DEPARTED
SPIRIT TO ITS PARENTS.

Kind parents! why those tears?
And why those bursting sighs?
No weeping here bedims
Your little loved one's eyes.

The shades of eve, you know,
Were hastening along,
When my freed spirit left,
To soar the stars among

Yet long before the night
Had drawn her veil around
The home I left below,
A better had I found.

So rapidly the soul
Unbounded takes its flight,
That scarce earth's scenery failed,
When heaven's broke on my sight.

Did not you, mother, see
That bright celestial band
That smiled and beckoned me,
And held the inviting hand?

They let me stay awhile,
To hear my mother pray,
And see her close my eyes,
And kiss the unconscious clay:

And then to heaven we flew—
The cherubs led the way;
But my rapt spirit smiled
As joyously as they.

Father! I never knew
'Twas such a place as this;
That heaven you told me of,
Was quite so full of bliss.

Oh! there is music here!
The softest, sweetest strains
Float constantly along
O'er these ethereal plains.

List! Mother—Father, list!
A harp to me is given,
And when I touch the strings,
'Tis heard all over heaven.

And shall I tell you who
Stood ready to embrace
Your little darling one,
In this most glorious place?

'Twas Grand-pa—honored name!
No more with age opprest,
Or toil—for in this world
Are youth and endless rest.

These hoary hairs no more
Stray o'er his furrowed brow,

But locks of brightest hue
Adorn his temples now.

His trembling voice is changed;
The trace of earthly cares
Is banished from his cheek,
And God has wiped his tears.

And Mary! sister's here,
She has a cherub's wing—
Can reach their loftiest flights,
Their noblest anthems sing.

Dear parents! weep no more
For those you loved so well,
For glories here are ours,
And joys we may not tell.

Oh! live and serve the Lord,
The dear Redeemer love,
Then when you've done with earth,
We'll welcome you above.—*Selected.*

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